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T R A G E D Y.

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Z I N G I S.

A

T R A G E D Y.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

BY ALEXANDER DOW.

L O N D O N:

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TRA G E D Y

THE REPERTORY OF THE

THEATRE ROYAL

OF DURHAM

BY ANDREW DOW

LONDON

PRINTED BY J. B. ROBERTS, 10, N. B. ST. MARK'S

ST. MARK'S, LONDON

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TO those who are not conversant in the history of the Asiatic nations, it may not be improper to give in brief, the story upon which the Tragedy of Zingis is founded, as it is taken from the **TARICH MOGULISTAN**, or History of the Mogul Tartars, written in the Persian language.

In the twelfth century, most of the Tartar Ordas, or tribes, though governed by their own chiefs, paid tribute to the king of the Orda of the Keraites, who held his court under the title of the **GRAND CHAN**, in the city of Caracorum, well known since by the name of Orda-balich. The famous Zingis Chan, who afterwards conquered all the countries from the sea of Canton in China to the Nile, was prince of the Niron tribe of Tartars; and from his early youth, served in the armies of Aunac, the Grand Chan; and at last rose to the command of all his forces. Zemouca, chief of the Siogarates, supplanted Zingis in Aunac's favor. Zingis was disgraced. He retired to his Orda, which was in some measure independent of the Grand Chan. Aunac pursued Zingis with a small force, and was defeated. In the ensuing year Aunac was, in a pitched battle, totally routed by Zingis; Zangon the prince royal was slain, and the only daughter of Aunac, Ovisa Lugin, fell into the conqueror's hands. Zingis having determined to give Ovisa in marriage to his favorite son Octar, who afterwards succeeded him in the empire of all Asia, occasioned an insurrection under Timur, another of his sons, who was in love with the princess. Timur fell in his rebellion, Ovisa died of grief, and the unfortunate monarch, Aunac, was killed in his flight, from an action, in which he was defeated by a part of the army of Zingis.

Zingis Chan, whether we regard him as a conqueror or legislator, was, perhaps, the greatest prince, that ever appeared in history. He not only secured the empire of all Asia to his posterity for some ages, but even to
this

ADVERTISEMENT.

this day, two-thirds of that immense continent remains in the possession of princes of his blood. So fortunate was he in his children and descendents, that many of them did not yield in abilities to him; and they would, perhaps, have equalled him in fame, had his sword left them more to conquer.—The Emperor of China, the Mogul of India, the great Chan of Tartary, and the princes of the Krim Tartars, derive their blood from Zingis; and it is remarkable that, at one period, there were five hundred crowned heads of his race in Asia.

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P R O L O G U E,

By Mr. H O M E,

Spoken by Mr. H O L L A N D.

TOO much the Greek and Roman chiefs engage
The Muses' care,—they languish on our Stage;
The Modern Bard, struck with the vast applause
Of ancient masters, like the painter draws
From models only;—can such copies charm
The heart, or like the glow of nature warm?

To fill the scene, to-night our Author brings
Originals at least,—warriors and kings—
Heroes, who like their gems, unpolish'd shine,
The mighty fathers of the Tartar line;
Greater than those, whom Classic pages boast,
If those are greatest, who have conquer'd most.

Such is the subject—such the Poet's theme,
If a rough Soldier may assume that name;
Who does not offer you from Fancy store,
Manners and men.—On India's burning shore,
In warlike toils, he pass'd his youthful years,
And met the Tartar, in the strife of spears;
But tho' he liv'd amidst the cannons roar,
Thunder like yours he never fac'd before;
Listen indulgent to his artless strain,
Nor let a Soldier, quarter ask in vain.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Zingis, emperor of Tartary,	Mr. AICKIN.
Aunac, the dethron'd emperor,	Mr. PACKER.
Timur, the son of Zingis,	Mr. HOLLAND.
Zemouca, general to Aunac,	Mr. REDDISH.
Cubla } Tartar Princes,	Mr. JEFFERSON.
Zena }	Mr. PALMER.
Nevian, prime minister to Zingis,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Sidasco, a general in the army } of Zingis,	Mr. HURST.

W O M E N.

Ovifa, the daughter of Aunac,	Miss YOUNG.
Mila, the wife of Cubla,	Mrs. STEPHENS.

Officers, Guards, Messengers, Attendants, &c.

ZINGIS.

ACT I.

SCENE, The Moon setting behind a Hill, and
the Dawn of Morning.

Enter CUBLA.

CUBLA.

THE waning moon has set behind the hill,
And the faint twilight of the morning seems
To wander o'er the East.—The storms that long
Have shook the desert, now are pass'd away,
And Altay's stream retards the war no more;
Here Zingis forms the Nirons of the west;
And royal Aunac on the farther shore
Marshals the Naimans, and demands his throne.

B

Enter

Enter NEVIAN.

NEVIAN.

The emperor of Tartary commands
Thy presence, Cubla.—

CUBLA.

Zingis should have cloath'd
His haughty message in less odious terms.
Does he presume to hope that I will join
His rebel sword against his antient lord?
Tho' near ally'd to Zingis—tho' I own
His parts unequal'd—his desert in arms—
Nevian, my soul approves not of the means
By which he seiz'd the scepter of the East;
And drove great Aunac from the Tartar throne.

NEVIAN.

'Tis less a vassal's duty to approve
Than to obey his sovereign's high commands.

CUBLA.

A vassal! By that honor which descends
From a long line of ancestors to Cubla,
My soul rejects the thought.—What tho' my tribe
In Aunac's wide dominions form'd a state,
And my brave fathers listen'd to the voice
That issu'd from the throne, and rose in arms
When war was in the field;—shall I become
The property of treason—be transferr'd
The mean appendage of a crown usurp'd?

NEVIAN.

A TRAGEDY.

3

NEVIAN.

Beware of treason—Cubla, can thy tribe,
Bold as thou art, and confident in war,
Contend with him who rules the Eastern world?
Zingis is king—and now that homage claims
Which thou didst pay to the imperial throne.—

CUBLA.

Presumptuous man!—does he prescribe to Cubla,
Or talk of homage!—he who broke all ties
That bind the faith of subjects to their kings!
Whence is his right deriv'd?

NEVIAN.

—He has been wrong'd—

CUBLA.

Wrong'd didst thou say?—what wrongs can justify
His usurpation.—Should the world permit
Private ambition thus to seize on crowns,
Each daring villain that dispises life
Would be the king or tyrant of mankind.

NEVIAN.

Rashly thou dost condemn.—Does Cubla know
The Cause and progress of this bloody war?

CUBLA.

From the chill bosom of the stormy north,
From Corea's distant clime, where I have long
Employ'd my sword against my country's foes;
Last night arriv'd amidst domestic broils,
I know not aught but that my king's dethron'd.

B 2

NEVIAN.

N E V I A N.

The prince of Soigara—the bold Zemouca,
 Was the first mover of this civil war.
 He, jealous of the fame and deeds of Zingis,
 And that high confidence his rival held
 With Aunac—to the royal ear convey'd
 Malicious falsehoods, and intended treason.
 At length the monarch list'ning to his voice,
 Divested Zingis of his high command.
 The chief retired, and darkly pass'd along
 To his own native tribe—the hardy Nirons—
 They thought him wrong'd—they started to their
 arms,

Determin'd to defend him from his foes.—
 Zemouca came—his host was roll'd away.
 The king advanc'd; in Tangut's bloody field,
 The valiant Zingis triumph'd o'er his lord.
 Amidst his ruin'd armies in the fight
 The son of Aunac, graceful Zangon, fell;
 Whilst o'er his mangl'd corse his father fled,
 And left his capital and throne to Zingis.

C U B L A.

Zemouca was to blame.—'Twas dangerous
 To drive a hero to the last extreme.
 The very coward, when bereft of hope,
 Turns on the lifted sword that threatens death.
 But now let Zingis grant his sovereign peace,
 And give the nations back to Aunac's sway;
 Fame will applaud the deed. He hopes in vain.

The

A TRAGEDY.

3

The aid of Cubla to support his crimes :
But since my sister was his favourite spouse,
And gave to him a son—the princely Timur ;
For Timur's sake I will not join his foes.

NEVIAN.

'Tis not enough. Inflexible—severe,
Tenacious of his power, and, like a god,
Decisive in his councils—he declares
Himself the foe of temporizing friends.
Consult thy safety.—Know, the Naiman prince
Betrays his sovereign, and solicits peace.

CUBLA.

Betrays the king to Zingis!——Tell your lord,
Should he imbrue his hand in Aunac's blood,
Cubla must be his foe.—My safety rests
Upon my sword.—This day I would confer
With Zingis—quickly I will join his camp.
Haste, and convey this answer to your chief.

NEVIAN.

It grieves me to behold my former friend
Thus rushing headlong into certain ruin.
Cubla, let me conjure thee—guard thy words,
And talk not thus of Zingis.—He is stern.—
I'll bear a milder answer to the king. [*Exit Nev.*]

Enter ZEN A.

ZEN A.

Hail, prince of Eluth!

CUBLA.

Noble Zena, whence?

ZEN A.

Z E N A.

Straight from the tents of Zingis——

C U B L A.

Zingis knows

Already Cubla's mind.—Has Zena's sword,
With fortune, turn'd against his antient king?

Z E N A.

Blame not thy friend, tho' the event of war
Hath made me vassal to successful Zingis;
My soul is faithful to unhappy Aunac,
I mean to serve him.

C U B L A.

Darken'd is his fate——

Z E N A.

Tho' few his friends since fortune left his side,
Tho' scarce his strength his armour can sustain,
Still unsubdu'd in soul, to Altay's banks
He leads the poor remains of former fields,
And strives to raise his hoary head above
The cloud of his misfortunes. On thy aid
He rests his latter hopes.

C U B L A.

The faithless Naiman

Betrays his king.——

Z E N A.

That Cubla may prevent——

C U B L A.

Explain thy words.——

Z E N A.

Zemouca will protect
His aged king—Nay more, will raise him high,—
Again

A. 2 T R A G E D Y.

7

Again restore him to the Tartar throne.
He plans a daring purpose in his soul.
He near this place is striding thro' the night,
Like the dark genius of devoted Zingis.
'Tis thine to point his thunder to the mark,
And rouse dishonour'd Timur.——

C U B L A.

Ha! dishonour'd——
Were Timur's backward steps beheld in war?
Did Timur fly?

Z E N A.

Untarnish'd is his fame.

C U B L A.

Whence, then, is this unmeritted disgrace,
That hangs so darkly on my sister's son?

Z E N A.

When with his ruin'd armies Aunac fled
From Tangut's bloody field, young Timur press'd
Upon the rear and seiz'd the hapless king,
As faint and wounded by a brook he lay,
His grey head leaning on his daughter's breast,
His only child, the beautiful Ovisa.
The hero saw—he pitied, and he lov'd——
Brought the fair captive to the Niron camp,
But gave her father's freedom to her tears;
She in return bestow'd on him her heart.
For this, fierce Zingis from his presence drove
His generous son.—The exil'd Aunac heard
Of his fair daughter's love—her choice approv'd,
And, by an embassy, propos'd to yield
The bright Ovisa to young Timur's arms;
To name him heir of Tartary should Zingis
Consent to end, with peace, this civil war.

C U B L A.

Z I N G I S.

C U B L A.

Yet still the tyrant keeps his sword unsheath'd.

Z E N A.

He does—nay more—to-morrow Ootar comes,
His favorite son, tho' by a second bed,
To wed the weeping captive—to derive
From her a title to the Tartar throne.

But e'er to-morrow should'st thou join thy sword
To bold Zemouca—Aunac still might reign,
And name young Timur heir to all his realms.

C U B L A.

But what intends Zemouca?

Z E N A.

With the king

To cross the Altay when the night returns,
With terrible assault to rush on Zingis
Amidst his armies.—By a great exploit
To win the East, or lose his noble life.
He sent me hither—bade me to entreat
His sister's husband—his own former friend—
If yet the memory of what Aunac was—
If pity for a failing line of kings,
Who rul'd mankind with justice, touch thy breast—

C U B L A.

Go—bid the chief approach.—This great design
Becomes the spirit of the bold Zemouca. [*Exit Zen.*
Th' injustice done to Timur—the disgrace
Thrown on my line—the partial favor shown
To Ootar, sit not easy on my mind.
The voice of Aunac too—the dying voice

A TRAGEDY.

Of ruin'd Majesty is ecchoing here.—
I will support him.

Enter MILA.

Partner of my life!

What anxious cares send Mila from her tent,
At this dull hour of darkness, when the world
Sleeps in the skirts of the retiring night?

MILA.

Why didst thou leave me, Cubla? Is there aught
Unfriendly from the Niron?

CUBLA.

No, — retire.—

MILA.

To meditate alone, bespeaks a mind
Not well at ease, let Mila share the grief
That labours in thy bosom.

CUBLA.

By our loves,
I know no cause of grief. Determined minds
Brood not upon misfortunes; they forget
The accidents of life. When this base world
Shall throw disgrace upon them, forth they rush,
Swift as the lightning's flash that wings the storm,
And right themselves.

MILA.

Has Zena then inform'd —

CUBLA.

Yes, Mila, all; I know how Cubla stands
With that presumptuous man. He has disgrac'd
Me, in my nephew Timur, yet expects
My aid in battle.

C

MILA.

M I L A.

He commands it, Cubla,
 Nay threatens disobedience with those frowns;
 That lords assume to vassals, when they fail
 In duty to the throne. This hour, Ovifa,
 By private message, to my ears conveyed
 His gloomy purpose.

C U B L A.

What can he intend?

M I L A.

To treat thee as a foe, shouldst thou delay
 to pass beneath his standard with the morn.
 This tedious march from Corea's distant realms,
 He construes into treason; but the cause
 Lies in his policy, thou art the lord
 Of Eluth's warlike tribe. A chief of pow'r,
 And dang'rous in the state. The king himself,
 The all-subduing Zingis, mark'd the path
 Which leads to empire, and he fears that Cubla
 May do with him, what he has done to Aunac.

C U B L A.

I am beset with perils, — yet this state
 Suits well the active tenor of my soul,
 Which loves to dwell in storms. I have resolv'd
 To stretch my hand to Aunac, and support
 That ruin of a king. (*Noise within.*) But hark!
 what noise

Swells in the camp of Zingis? — Go, my love —
 Regain the tent — I must explore the cause
 From whence this tumult rose. — By dawn of day

A T R A G E D Y.

11

I'll meet thy brother to concert the plan
Of deeds more daring, than were e'er atchiev'd.

[Exit.

M I L A.

'Tis done, — but still my fears —

Enter Z E M O U C A.

Z E M O U C A.

My sister's voice! —

M I L A.

My lord Zemouca, welcome to my soul!
O chief of the Soigara! — from what a world
Of troubles art thou come! —

Z E M O U C A.

Yes — I have strove

With some disasters, Mila, since the Niron
Led his rebellious tribe to Tangut's field,
And triumph'd o'er his lord. Had loyalty
Been less my choice — Had ease been more my
care,

Than self-approving honor, and that pride
Which lov'd to stand alone, when Tartary
Fell in the stream of conquest to a chief,
I once scarce own'd my equal, I might use
The day to visit Mila, and have thrown
This cloud, I borrow, from the night, away.

M I L A.

How fares it with the king?

Z E M O U C A.

Not such his state,
As when in Ordu-bâla's splendid halls
He rul'd the nations — On the farther side

of Altay's foaming course, my tribe surrounds
 The king of Tartars — narrow is the camp
 Of him, who covered Asia with his hosts!
 But still this sun which moves behind a storm,
 May issue forth, and shew his evening beams,
 Before he sets in night.

M I L A.

Should Naima's prince
 Prevail in battle —

Z E M O U C A.

May heaven's lightning blast
 His armies and himself. Perfidious man!
 He treats with Zingis.

M I L A.

Tartary is lost —
 The house of Aunac trembles to its base,
 And in its ruins will involve Zemouca.
 Why dost thou stand, against a world in arms,
 With unavailing valor?

Z E M O U C A.

Hear me, Mila;
 Ere next the night shall from these fields retire,
 Aunac shall reign o'er Asia. I have form'd
 A plot with Zena, in the Niron camp.
 Cubla will join us with his warlike tribe.
 At the dead midnight hour, we mean to rush
 On Zingis in his tent.

M I L A.

To rush on Zingis!
 The deed is desperate,

Z E M O U C A.

A TRAGEDY.

13

Z E M O U C A.

We claim thine aid
To forward our design. To thee is known
The love of Timur, and his late disgrace
For the escape of Aunac. Thro' their tribes
The Nirons murmur for their gallant prince
Who led them often to the fields of fame,
Go to Ovifa: let her arm the son
Of haughty Zingis in her father's cause.
Thus shall she wrest from tyranny the world,
And rule the nations with the man she loves.

M I L A.

And does my brother then resign Ovifa?

Z E M O U C A.

No—Mila, no.—She beams upon me still,
Thro' all this tempest which involves my soul.
The Queen of Asia! — But I must be calm,
The softer passions suit not with a state
So desperate as mine. Zemouca first
Must stretch his hand to Zingis, the event
May lead thy brother to his soul's desire.
Why, Mila, why in tears?

M I L A.

I'll bear, my lord,
Thy message to Ovifa. But my mind
Forbodes, I never shall behold thee more.

Z E M O U C A.

That heaven alone can tell — my sister stay! —
Perhaps thou'lt ne'er behold me, — and thy lord
Treads too a dangerous path. Let not our foes
In thee extend their triumph to our dust,

Take

A TRAGEDY.

Take this ——— [giving a dagger.
It is thy thy brother's gift. — Our house
Was ne'er dishonour'd.

M I L A.

Son of daring Tangor!
Our house was ne'er dishonoured, nor shall Mila
Stain the unclouded glories of her line.
I know the purpose of this present—Here .
[putting it in her bosom,
This friend shall rest. I'll call it to my aid
When thou canst not defend me from my foes.
[Exit.

C U B L A entering with C A R E D I.

C U B L A.

Caredi, hasten. Call the chiefs to arms,
Rouse my brave Eluths—I will join them straight,
I like not this confusion, this uproar,
That Zingis raises round him in his camp,
He may perhaps intend — My lord Zemouca,
[embraces him,
How fares it with my brother and my friend;
I fear our zeal for aged Aunac's cause
Shall not avail.

Z E M O U C A.

Has Cubla learn'd from whence
This tumult rose?

C U B L A.

All night the high divan
Sat in the tent of Zingis, and gave ear
To proffered terms, from Naima's perjur'd prince.
'Tis said they were accepted. But the voice

Of

A TRAGEDY.

15

Of war resounds thro' all the Niron camp.
The nations start, with ardor, to their arms;
Some daring enterprize is formed by Zingis,
Against deserted Aunac.

Z E M O U C A.

Fear not that—

Tho' Zingis loves to move thro' bloody fields;
He tries not force, where policy avails.
If Naima promis'd, with her sovereign's blood,
To end this contest, Zingis will delay
To cross the Altay. — When the night descends,
I will remove the king, — at once prevent
The Naiman's treachery, and rid the world
Of the usurper.

C U B L A.

But that eagle sits

Too watchful on his rock, — we must not trust
Much to the foes neglect, for Zingis owes
To fortune less his greatness, than to skill
In war's extensive art. — We are too few
To reach him, thro' his armies; we must raise
Some other swords to penetrate those lines
The Niron draws around him.

Z E M O U C A.

Our success

Depends not on our numbers. We command
A hardy race, the Tartars of the north,
Whose souls partake the nature of the storms,
That rush across their climate. They delight
In the abrupt decision of the sword,
And love a deed of danger. Nor on them
Rest all our hopes: the fair Ovisa arms
Dishonour'd Timur in her father's cause.

His

His late disgrace, ambition, love, revenge,
 Shall urge him on; and should the chief prefer
 A tame submission to the will of Zingis,
 To Aunac's daughter, and the Tartar throne,
 Our glory must be greater, and our fame
 Arise proportion'd to the perils round us.

C U B L A.

Friend of the hapless Aunac! — In thy voice
 Speaks forth the hero, and thy noble fire
 Falls on my soul, and kindles it to flame.
 Ere next the light which now bursts from the East,
 Shall gleam on Altay's streams, the Tartar tribes
 Shall own another lord. Myself will rouse
 The lion Timur; if that spirit dwells
 In him, which animates th' Eluthian line,
 Dishonour fits not lightly on his mind.
 But where, Zemouca, shall my tribe receive
 The king to night?

Z E M O U C A.

Upon that narrow point,
 Thou seest a lonely oak. — The morning star
 Looks thro' its wav'ring branches, — there the
 rock

Stretching into the Altay, breaks the stream,
 And forms a peaceful eddy. In that place
 Shall Aunac land, when the wan moon descends
 Behind the western hills.

C U B L A.

I will attend
 To-day the court of Zingis, and disguise
 For once, a soul that scorns to hide its hate.
 I will exhibit every mark of zeal,

To blot suspicion from his jealous mind,
And turn the keenness of his eye from Cubla.
But leave this camp, the dawn already gleams
Along the field. Go, — in that show'r retire,
That darkly rushes o'er the Altay's course. [*Exit.*

Z E M O U C A.

Whilst this blunt warrior, void of all design,
Can thus encounter perils unconcern'd,
Shall I, whose eye is fix'd upon a crown,
And on the brightest star that ever rose
Upon the eastern world, — the fair Ovifa —
Shall I shrink back? — Shall I encourage doubt
To shake my resolution? — Hence — away —
All further fear of death; already he
Hath stalk'd around me in each hideous form. —
But yet this stubbornness of heart — this pride,
Which bore me up against this prosperous man,
Hath quite fatigued my soul. — I'll stray no more
Thro' Asia, — every foe I raise to Zingis,
He adds unto his vassals. — On this plot
I rest my latter hopes, and should I fail,
I'll wrap me in my courage and retire
From this base world amidst the storms I raise.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

D

A C T

Z I N G I S.

A C T II.

SCENE, Ovifa's Tent,

Enter O V I S A, from her Tent.

O V I S A.

I F e're the spirit of a warrior slain,
 Journey'd in storms across the troubled sky:
 Last night, my brother Zangon pass'd this place,
 And call'd Ovifa hence. The voice was deep,
 As when high Arol, shaking all his woods,
 Speaks to the passing thunder.—Thro' my soul
 A pleasing horror runs; perhaps not long
 Ovifa tarries here. The silent tomb
 Is not the house of sorrow.—Airy form
 Of him who is no more! Where dost thou dwell?
 Rejoicest thou on golden-skirted clouds?
 Or is thy murmur in the hollow wind?
 Where ere thou art, mine ear with awful joy,
 Shall listen to thy voice!—Descend with night,
 If thou must shun the day.—O stray not far
 From the remains of Aunac's failing line.

Enter M I L A.

M I L A.

Hail bright Sultana! let a faithful friend, [*kneeling*.
 Thus pay the homage which she owes a race
 Who rul'd so long nations.

O V I S A.

Mila, rise;—
 Belov'd companion of my better days!

Why

A TRAGEDY.

19

Why dost thou, at this melancholly hour,
Intrude upon the sorrows of Ovifa?

M I L A.

To chase the cloud that hangs upon thy soul,
I come the messenger of Aunac's friends.
They sent me to disclose——

O V I S A.

I know it all.

Ostar is come!

M I L A.

Far other news I bring.

Are we alone?

O V I S A.

From mortal ears remov'd.

M I L A.

The fate of royal Aunac now depends
Upon Ovifa.—Should she lend her aid,
The king might reign.—

O V I S A.

Then he already sits

Upon the Tartar throne. Why dost thou think

So poorly of Ovifa? Haste, explain

This mystery,—for doubts begin to blast

The sudden joy that lighten'd o'er my soul.

M I L A.

A plot is forming in the Niron camp,
By Omrahs of renown, whom Cubla joins
With all his Eluths. By the midnight hour,
The king, thy father, with Zemouca, comes
To head the bold conspiracy, and rush
On Zingis 'midst his armies.

D 2

O V I S A.

O V I S A.

'Tis a deed

Of desp'rate daring.—Didst thou say to night?
 Assist them heaven! But what avails the aid
 Of desolate Ovifa!

M I L A.

Much.—Thy hands
 Already hold the balance of the East.
 Ten thousand swords, obedient to thy call,
 May be unsheath'd for Aunac. In this camp
 The Tartars murmur thro' their martial lines,
 For the disgrace of Timur. Arm the prince
 Against his father.

O V I S A.

Ha! I'll hear no more—
 To recommend a crime my soul abhors,
 To make a parricide of him I love,
 Suits not the feelings of Ovifa's mind.
 By private stratagem, by open war,
 By any means, let cruel Zingis fall;
 But let him fall by foes.—The fame of Timur
 Must not be tarnish'd;—nor shall I advise
 A deed of such complexion. Mila, know
 I may be wretched—but must not be base.

M I L A.

Then let Ovifa triumph in a heart
 That feels for Nirons. Did the cruel race
 Once melt at the misfortunes of her house,
 Or spare the line that rul'd the eastern world?
 By him thy brother fell—By him the throne
 Of Aunac was usurp'd.—Thy father driven,

A feeble

A feeble exile thro' the Tartar tribes,
Thyself a captive.—But Ovisa feels!—
Heavens! Is it any crime to rid the world
Of him, who riots in the blood of nations,
And makes a pastime of dethroning kings?
His guilt Ovisa——

O V I S A.

It is more than common;
And heaven some signal vengeance has prepar'd
For him who widows Asia with his sword:
But let us not, in punishing, give birth,
To greater crimes than his.

M I L A.

Unhappy maid,
Thou know'st not half the horrors of thy state.
To day dishonour'd Timur must retire,
A lonely exile from the Niron camp.
Tomorrow Octor comes with brutal lust,
To force thee to his arms. To night thy father——

O V I S A.

Mila, proceed——

M I L A.

Must welter in his blood.
The price is fix'd for Aunac's sacred head,
A peace to Naima. Soon as night returns,
Perfidious Tajan will surround the king.

O V I S A.

No more—I know the rest—misfortunes crowd
Too much upon me. What should I resolve,
Hemm'd in on every side? I'll urge the prince,
And yet he must abhor me.

M I L A.

M I L A.

Timur comes,

As if by heaven directed to our aid,

This is the time.—Remember thy condition. [*Exit.*]

O V I S A.

He comes.—With undiminish'd pomp he moves
 Behind his cloud—As when the sun thro' mist
 Rolls on his faded orb. He greater seems,
 Tho' lost to half his beams. And shall I plunge
 This god in parricide?

Enter T I M U R.

T I M U R.

I did resolve——

But cannot speak the tumult of my soul.—
 Queen of the East!

O V I S A.

That title ill becomes
 A state like mine.—This instant leave me, Timur,
 If thou regard'st thy peace.

T I M U R.

What means, Ovifa?

Where dwells the peace of Timur, but with her
 Who reigns within his soul?

O V I S A.

Have we not prince——

The house of Aunac—have we not involv'd
 Thee in misfortunes? Pinion'd down thy fame
 That spread to heaven? Cover'd thee with shame?
 And thrown disgrace upon the first of men.
 We made thee no return,—for kings dethron'd.

No

No favours can bestow. Ovifa gave,
 'Twas all she had to give—her heart to Timur.

T I M U R.

'Twas all that Timur wish'd, thou matchless maid—
 But whence is this distress—this sudden grief
 That labors in thy bosom? Tell me all;
 My soul is up in arms against those ills
 That press upon thee.

O V I S A.

Timur would not chuse
 To hate Ovifa.

T I M U R.

No.—

O V I S A.

Then let him not
 Enquire into her griefs. She may propose
 A dreadful task. O leave me to myself,
 My soul is young in mischief and demands
 Some time to harden ere it can resolve
 On what my state requires.

T I M U R.

Speak but the word,
 Thou bright divinity that rul'st my soul;
 And then I will—what will not Timur do?
 I will—I know not what—but something more
 Than ever mortal did.

O V I S A.

Take heed young prince!
 Be not too rash to promise—Timur's word
 Is like a god's, irrevocably fix'd:—
 But were my suit once known, 'twere criminal

Not

Not to refuse it.—Daring son of Zingis!—
 I know thy lion-heart delights in perils,
 When honor leads thee to her bloody fields,
 Yet what I would propose would throw a damp
 On all thy courage. In Ovifa's cause
 There's more than danger—Guilt.—Thou shrinkest
 back.

I thought it would offend.—My soul approves
 The noble horror that invades his mind.

I leave him to his virtue.

[Going.]

T I M U R.

Stay—by heavens!—

Thou must not thus depart.—Ovifa—speak,
 Speak all thy wishes and they shall be done.—
 Propose the peril.—Guilt can never dwell
 In such a cause as thine.

O V I S A.

Then know, my state,
 Uncommon in its horrors, now demands
 The sword of Timur.—Zingis shuts the door
 Of hope against thee.—Ootar comes to-morrow—
 What shall I do?

T I M U R.

I will defend—

O V I S A.

Alas!—

Who shall ward off the hand of death from Aunac?
 To-night he falls.—The cruel Zingis gives
 A peace to Naima, for her sovereign's head,
 Amidst the ruins of a falling line
 Ovifa stands alone.

T I M U R.

A TRAGEDY.

25

TIMUR.

I know thy foul,
And quickly will resolve.—

OVI SA.

No—Timur—no.
Recall the thought, and be thyself again.
Ovifa loves thy virtues, not thy crimes;
And should'st thou stain thine honor, who can tell
What she would think of thee? [Exit.

TIMUR.

The light is gone
And left me darken'd, on a stormy sea
Of various passions toss'd.—What should I do?
To hide me in the cloud of my disgrace,
And leave Ovifa and the world to Octar;
Death dwells upon the thought. But to ascend
A throne, besmear'd with blood,—a father's blood,
And reign a horrid parricide in Asia,
Suits not a soul like mine.—

Enter CUBLA.

CUBLA.

While others watch the motions of the foe,
Marshal their tribes, or furbish up their steel
For battle. Timur, whiles his time away
Before the shrine of beauty.—Blush, young man,
These are not arts in which our race excell'd,
Nor these the means by which they rose to fame.

TIMUR.

Is Cubla, like the world, whose censure falls
Not on the guilty, but unfortunate?

E

As

As if success could recommend each crime,
 We only call the prosperous villain great.—
 Let Cubla judge of Timur, by himself,
 By the high spirit, which descends to both
 From Eluth's line of kings; and he may know
 Disgrace, unmerited, can never damp
 The vigour of my soul.

C U B L A.

Yet still thou bear'st,
 With tameness, which but ill becomes our race,
 This weight of infamy, by Zingis, thrown
 Upon thee, in his wrath.

T I M U R.

Could Timur break
 Thro' honor and his duty, he might raise
 A flame, the billowy Caspian shou'd not quench.
 But tho' my soul, undaunted in the field,
 Swells at the growth of danger and demands
 More than my share of battle; there are things
 Which make me shudder, Cubla, and betray
 A woman's weakness. Dark conspiracies,
 Frauds cover'd o'er with art—those devious paths,
 That lead the villains of the world to power,
 Please not the open spirit of my mind.
 I hate pre-eminence that springs from guilt,
 And never, but thro' honor, would be great.

C U B L A.

Timur farewell.—A man that can submit
 To such indignities, as thou hast borne,
 Deserves not my attention.—Hence—away—
 Involve thee in obscurity.—It suits
 The tame morality of Timur's mind.

A T R A G E D Y.

27

Go—leave the throne to Octar—To his arms
Give up Ovisā.

T I M U R.

Ha! that strikes me home.

Say, what dost thou advise?

C U B L A.

To draw thy sword
Against thy father—Zingis—that proud man—
That tyrant of the East.—Thou startest, Timur,
His crimes, indeed, may shock a soul like thine.—
He, who without remorse, has trod on kings,
Has broke all sacred ties that bind mankind—
Has ruin'd nations to be reckon'd great,
And is unjust, not only to his foes,
But to his son.——

T I M U R.

My heart with horror shrinks. I
From such a deed.——

C U B L A.

So feels the feeble mind,
That trembles at the thought of arduous deeds,
And would impose its fears upon the world,
As the effects of virtue.—Go—weak boy,
I did advise thee.—Nay—I dare do more.
Go, tell thy father, Cubla is his foe:
This very night, in concert with his friends,
He means to prove it; but his friends are such
As shudder not at danger.

T I M U R.

He who doubts
My courage, should prepare to rest his hand
Upon his sword.—No mortal man but Cubla

E 2

Durst

Durst thus.—But I'm too warm.—Thou said'st to
night.—

My soul is dark, and secret as the tomb.
Unfold thy purpose.

C U B L A.

Yes—to night, I meant,

But thy officious virtue interferes,
To raise thee high in Asia.—To thy arms
To give Ovifa—Place thee next to him,
Who ought to rule the East.—To make thee heir
To Aunac's vast dominions. Dost thou still
Harbour a doubt? What darkness travels o'er
Thy thoughtful features? Is the fair Ovifa
Indifferent to Timur?

T I M U R.

Cubla—Stay,

I must consider.

C U B L A.

Time is on the wing.

We must resolve.—But ruin'd are my hopes!
There Nevian comes, and he must not perceive
That we confer. Long practis'd in the arts
Of policy, and guile,—from every word
And motion of the eye, he draws conclusions.
I'll soon return. [Exit.]

Enter N E V I A N.

N E V I A N.

Hail! gallant son of Zingis!

I come not sobbing like thy other friends,
With sad condolance and a woeful face,
To tease thee with my pity.—No, I bring
Thy pardon, Timur.

T I M U R.

A TRAGEDY.

29

TIMUR.

Pardon, didst thou say?

NEVIAN.

Yes, full forgiveness from the king thy father.
I thought it would surprize.—

TIMUR.

It does indeed.—

NEVIAN.

I did it all—inexorable long
On my address, the lord of nations frown'd,
But still I urg'd.—At length he heard my suit,
And bade me call young Timur to his presence.
A fair occasion offers to retrieve
The honour thou hast lost—thy injur'd fame.
He now restores thee to thy former rank,
And sends thee forth, with half his warlike tribes,
To give the final blow to exil'd Annac.
The troops, already marshal'd in the camp,
With shouts await thy orders.

TIMUR.

Let them shout—

Timur shall wait his time.

NEVIAN.

What do I hear?

Is this th' impetuous Timur? He whose soul
Rush'd on before him to the fields of fame?
And does he hesitate?

TIMUR.

Begone, old man,

Least in my rage—

NEVIAN.

What means the son of Zingis?

This

This is the very frenzy of the mind,
I am the friend of Timur.

T I M U R.

Hence—away——

I'll follow soon.

N E V I A N.

His late disgrace disturbs
His reason. When the angry lion roars,
There is no safety near him. To the tribes
I'll bear the welcome news of thy return. *[Exit.]*

T I M U R.

Was ever mind so agitated, torn
With such contending passions, as assail
At once the soul of Timur? To reject
The proffer'd service, puts immediate end
To all my hopes. The king can not escape——
Should I decline, another foe will rise
Against ill fated Aunac.—Here she comes!
Distraction—let me fly.—She bade me shield
Her ruin'd father, from the hand of death;
And I, in my humanity, assume
The office of his murderer.

Enter O V I S A.

O V I S A.

He starts!

Is then the presence of the lost Ovisa
Hateful to Timur? Prince, I do not come
To make thee deviate from the splendid path
Thy soul delights to follow. *[going.]*

T I M U R.

By the light,

That,

That, from thy beauties, beams upon thy soul.—
 Thou must not leave me.—But thou must—away—
 Denounce thy curses on me.—In thy words
 Of softness dwells unutterable pain.
 O turn from Timur these indulgent eyes,
 That shed soft pity, from their lucid orbs—
 For I do not deserve it.—False to thee—
 False to my word—A traitor to my love—
 Thy father's murderer.

O V I S A.

What means the prince,
 He is not dead?

T I M U R.

But he must die Ovifa,
 And by these hands. The cruel Zingis grants
 My pardon, and commands me to the war:
 To lead the Nirons o'er the Altay's stream,
 To rush upon thy father in his camp,
 And end this contest, that inflames the world. [*Shout.*
 Hark!—The impatient troops proclaim their joy
 To see their prince restor'd, and shout for battle.
 I come.—Ovifa—

O V I S A.

Timur, leave me.—Go—
 And, on the ruins of our falling race,
 Rear to thyself a monument of fame.
 Think not I seize thy skirts to keep thee here.
 Think not I weep, these eyes are only dim
 Think not I breath a sigh.

T I M U R.

Should guilty souls
 Feel all my pangs—A moment of their woe
 Might expiate the crimes of half a world.

But

But Nevian comes!—I must away—My love;
 Canst thou forgive me.—No—Ovifa—No—
 Let not thy tenderness of soul extend
 To such a wretch as Timur.—Yet his fate
 Is most to blame.

O V I S A.

Then hear me son of Zingis!
 As love cannot detain thee—On my knees,
 Once more, I beg an aged parents life.
 O spare him, Timur; touch not his grey hairs,
 Let him escape;—for Zingis will not long
 In Aunac have a rival to his power.
 The king, my father, worn with grief and years,
 Already hastens to the silent tomb.

T I M U R.

By him that reigns above, he shall not die. [*Exit.*]

O V I S A.

He's gone, and left me lonely to my woes.—
 Hasten thy journey, sun—and gracious night,
 Receive me to the bosom of thy gloom.
 The rustling wind, that whistles thro' thy trees,
 The solemn, serious, melancholly notes
 Of thy own bird, are music to mine ear,
 And please the dreary horrors of my soul.

Enter M I L A.

Mila, thy tears will flow in vain.—My grief
 Admits not of thy comfort.

M I L A.

A TRAGEDY.

23

M I L A.

Did my pow'r

Equal my wishes, soon the light of joy
Would brighten on thy forehead. But my voice
Must now be like the raven's to thine ear.
The van of Ostar's army, from the hill,
Is seen to pour along in clouds of dust;
Edg'd round with gleaming arms, a chosen troop
On lightning hoofs come flying to the camp.
It must be he.——

O V I S A.

Where shall I hide my head?

Timur where art thou? Call him to protect
The lost Ovifa—Timur.—He is gone!
But why should I complain? High heaven decrees
At once the fall of our devoted house;
Ovifa will not stay—a feeble light,
Behind the sitting glories of her line. [Exeunt.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

F

ACT

A C T III.

ZINGIS'S Pavilion.

ZINGIS and Attendants discovered on a Throne.

A Flourish of Trumpets.

Z I N G I S.

GO, Nevian, issue forth our high decree
To all the princes, potentates and kings,
O'er whom the scepter of our power extends,
On the first morning of the ensuing year
To meet in Ordu-balâ's regal halls.
We mean to publish laws to rule mankind—
To bind the nations in one general chain
Of policy—to mark, with strict regard,
The bounds of justice between man and man.
We call this council—not that we require
Advice, but proofs of their allegiance due,
And prompt obedience to the will of Zingis.

N E V I A N.

The king shall be obey'd—his high commands
Will be receiv'd thro' Tartary with awe,
And all its princes hasten to the throne. [Exit.

Z I N G I S.

Suida, prepare thyself. We send thee hence
To distant regions, near the rising sun—
To great Canbâla—seat of Altun Chan,
Who styles himself the monarch of Cathay.—
Make full demands for all his ravages

A T R A G E D Y.

35

In these our kingdoms, when they shrunk away
From every bold invader's sword—and groan'd
Beneath that worst of tyranny—a race
Of timid ministers, and feeble kings.

S U I D A.

Proud of the trust, and zealous to obey
The lord of nations, Suida stands prepar'd. [*Exit.*]

Z I N G I S.

And thou, Jelizou, hasten to the west,
Where Mâhmud, the Charizmian, has confin'd
The Caspian, in the circle of his empire.
Tell him, while, as a son, he shall revere
Our pleasure, we will act a father's part.
That now it is our sovereign will the doors
Of commerce should be open'd with our realms.
Not less on means that civilize mankind
We rest our glory, than on fame in arms.
But, in the pride of hosts, should Mâhmud scorn
Our proffer'd friendship—call him forth to war;
That he may see his kingdoms weeping blood
Beneath the sword of Zingis

J E L I Z O U.

Too well the pow'r of him who rules the east
Is known by Mâhmud, to reject his friendship. [*Exit.*]

Enter an Officer.

O F F I C E R.

Letters from Rizia, empress of the south,
To whom the sable Indian nations kneel,
With presents her ambassadors attend,
And long to greet the sovereign of the world.

Z I N G I S.

Z I N G I S.

They shall have audience.—Say, what tidings bring
The messengers of Octar?

O F F I C E R.

We descry
His standards high erected on the plain.
This morning his astrologers presag'd
Some dire misfortune threaten'd by the stars,
Which stops his progress.—

Z I N G I S.

Should the stars presage,
And join their influence as they roll above
To aid the foes of Zingis—he would trust
More to the prowess of a single arm
Than he should fear from them.—But what of
Timur?

O F F I C E R.

We saw his warrior's covering Altay's course,
And Aunac's banners waving on the shore—
Soon the loud roar of war—

Enter Officer.

O F F I C E R.

The prince returns
Victorious from the field. He brings in chains
A captive train.—The aged monarch, Aunac,
Stood in the front of battle, till his lines
Grew thin by Timur's sword.—A chosen band,
That fought around their king—when all was lost,
Bore their unwilling sovereign from the field;
The fierce Sidasco, pressing on the rear,
Pursues his flight.

A TRAGEDY.

37

ZINGIS.

Did not the Naiman prince
Support the king, for whom he rose in arms?
He bore a specious cause upon his sword,
Yet shrunk from danger : so I knew him still
A dark, designing, and deceitful man,
Expert in policy, but cold in war.
These are not means to gain the terms he claims.
He knows us not—a coward never finds
A friend in Zingis.

Enter TIMUR, with Prisoners.

Thou art welcome, Timur,
This strict obedience to our sovereign will,
Confirms thee in our favour.—Such exploits
Become the son of Zingis.—Who are these?
We want no captives—thou art young in war.—
Ye bold, rebellious men, who did insult

[To the prisoners.]

Our pow'r with feeble hands—who durst contemn
Repeated offers of our royal grace,
Which, thro' our vast dominions, were proclaim'd,
Must perish in your folly—bear them hence,
And execute our judgment.—

TIMUR.

It must not be.—Let Timur intercede
For these unhappy men—my word is pass'd
To save their lives—my honor was engag'd
When they resign'd their unavailing swords.

ZINGIS.

Audacious boy—no more—didst thou presume
To pardon traitors?—Know'st thou not that Zingis

Is

Is sovereign here, and that he delegates
His pow'r to none?—Say,—when didst thou per-
ceive

By art, by argument, by open force,
Our resolutions alter'd?—hence, away,
[To his guards.
And lead them to their fate.

T I M U R, drawing.

Stand off, ye slaves!—

By heavens they shall not perish.—Thus oppress'd,
I must forget that passiveness of soul—
My duty to a father—with my blood
I will protect them.

Z I N G I S.

Ha!—thus to my face—

Dost thou not fear?—Should Zingis sacrifice
This victim to his fury?—Or—begone—
I will not slay thee—take thy captives hence,
I give them to thy pride.—This insolence
Shall not unpunish'd go. Our steps to fame,
To the dominion of the eastern world,
Must not be thus retarded by a son,
Who, in his disobedience, throws disgrace
Upon the power of Zingis.—From our presence
We must remove examples that suggest
Rebellion to our subjects. To the north
We send thee hence to-morrow—to a clime
Tempestuous as the temper of thy soul.
In Tuba's forests, and those spacious vales
Where dark Selânga roars into the main;
Compel the haughty Tomats to obey;

The

The ocean only shall our empire bound.

Enter SIDASCO.

My bold Sidasco!——

SIDASCO.

Sovereign of the world!

The war is ended—Aunac comes in chains.

ZINGIS.

Our faithful chief, to thee——

Enter OVISA suddenly, and kneels.

Who durst admit

The princess?—Let the captain of our guards

This instant be arrested.—Rise, Ovifa——

Why dost thou kneel?—What wouldst have from

Zingis?

OVISA.

If e'er thy heart was soften'd by distress,

If e'er thy soul rejoic'd in generous deeds,

O spare my father; let him die in peace——

[Zingis is retiring, she seizes his skirt.]

Thou must not leave me, Zingis. O pronounce

The words of mercy.—Aunac's strength has fail'd,

His friends forsook him; he is left alone,

A poor old man!—No cause for fear remains.

The brave are never cruel—they delight

To stretch their hand to raise a fallen foe,

To speak the words of comfort—There he comes!

What, Timur, hast thou done? Is this thy faith,

Thy plighted faith to me? Like all thy race,

Art thou perfidious!—Timur, 'twas not well

Thus to betray the poor, the lost Ovifa!——

TIMUR.

T I M U R.

Hear me, Ovifa, e'er thou shalt condemn.

O V I S A.

Hear thee, false man!—

Enter A U N A C, in Chains.

Look there—behold him there—

These are thy works—the ruin thou hast made.

O Zingis! Zingis! wilt thou slay the king,

The king that lov'd thee—cherish'd thee?—
alas!

The tyrant is inexorable.—Thou

Alone who pitiest the distress'd Ovifa,

O king! O father!—to thy friendly tomb

Receive thy daughter.

A U N A C.

Welcome to my arms—

Thou lovely beam, that gild'st my parting hour!

My eyes are blest—my wishes at an end.

These hairs have long been whiten'd o'er with
years,

And my disasters bend me to the dust.

Why should I wish to live? to haunt this world

The ghost of what I was?—But thou art young—

Yet, can I leave thee lonely midst thy foes?

Shall those who riot in thy father's blood

Derive from thee a title to his throne?—

Yet, what should I advise?

O V I S A.

I know thy soul,

And have resolv'd—Yes—all the fated line

Shall fall at once, and leave the East to Zingis.

My

My heart, indignant, spurns this world away;
My rising spirit struggles to be free.

ZINGIS.

No more! Sidasco—lead thy captive hence—

TIMUR.

I would entreat—but stern in his resolves;

[To Aunac;

He melts not at distress—nor lends an ear
To those whom fortune left.

AUNAC.

O generous youth,
Plunge not in our misfortunes.—In thy breast
Thy father's rigour dwells not. Brave, yet mild,
I had a son like thee, whose rising fame
Shone thro' the gloomy winter of my age.
But he is fallen, and of our royal house
She now remains alone.—Ovifa, come—
Embrace thy father—tho' my breast is cold
To all the world—my spirit burns for thee.

TIMUR, aside.

It is too much—Tho' ruin must ensue,
I will obey the impulse of my soul.

[Exit.

ZINGIS, to Sidasco.

Why am I disobey'd!—

AUNAC.

Omrah, lead on—

This presence is unworthy of a king—
We leave him to the horrors of his soul.
But we will not upbraid—Yet know, we scorn
Thy utmost rage. For he who longs for death,

G

Like

Like us, may smile at tyrants when they frown,
Ovifa, one embrace—It is the last——

O V I S A.

We must not part—together let us die.

Z I N G I S.

Conduct her to her tent.

O V I S A.

Dost thou refuse
This little boon—this privilege of death?
Relentless tyrant—know, thou shalt not long
Divide Ovifa from her fallen race.

[Both carried off.]

Z I N G I S.

Something like pity shakes my firm resolves,
And almost melts the iron heart of Zingis.
The king is old; yet may ambitious men
Hold forth a cause so specious—whilst he lives,
Some dark conspiracies may rise around us.
But to imbrue our hands in Aunac's blood,
Would tarnish half the glories of our reign.

Enter TIMUR and an Attendant,

What wouldst thou, Timur? Go;—thy looks
bespeak

Thy purpose—go—while Zingis rules the world,
He rules himself—is absolute in mind,
And none shall alter his determin'd will.

[Exit Zingis, &c.]

T I M U R.

In vain he rages; Aunac has escap'd;
My chosen troop have rescu'd him from death,

And

And bear him far from danger.—Haste—away;

[*To his attendant.*]

Inform Ovisa—left in her despair——

Tell her what Timur for her love has done——

[*Exit attendant.*]

But ruin follows.—What shou'd I resolve?

My father's rage is deadly. Should I fly,

And bear Ovisa to the Caspian shores?

This sword is my inheritance—the world

Is wide enough for conquest: other thrones

Will rise for her in Asia.—

Enter ZEMOUCA.

Who art thou,

That thus intrud'st upon me?

ZEMOUCA.

Not unknown

In Asia is Zemouca——

TIMUR.

Hapless man!

Why dost thou tarry?—hence,—away—should.

Zingis

Hear of his mortal foe—not half the East

Could save thee from his fury—Leave this camp;

To thee it is the hungry lion's den.

ZEMOUCA.

In my prosperity I harbour'd not

A fear of death.—Why should he now begin

To shew more dreadful to me, thro' this cloud

Which has involv'd my state?—To thee I owe

My life in battle. Thou hast sav'd it here,

Among thy captives, at the risque of thine,

And I do mean to make thee some return.

G 2

TIMUR.

T I M U R.

I want it not.—A generous action brings
 Its own reward,—a feeling of the soul
 Of greater value, than aught thou canst give,
 Zemouca leave me,—there is danger here
 To thee—To Timur, should it once be known,
 That he preserv'd the greatest foe of Zingis.

Z E M O U C A.

Time hurries on, and thou consider'st not,
 That sorrow hastes apace. With morning comes
 Thy brother Ostar, Towards the stormy north
 Thy troops file off already.—Wilt thou leave
 Ovisa and the empire?

T I M U R.

Dost thou mean
 To urge me on to parricide?

Z E M O U C A.

I urge

Thee, not to parricide but open war,
 A foe invades thee, seizes on a throne,
 By justice thine; nay, forces from thy arms,
 The first of women. Timur has the pow'r
 To right himself, yet passive in his soul
 He in the tyrant still beholds the father.

T I M U R.

Zemouca, thou presum'st on thy condition,
 And therefore art so bold. I know from whence
 This zeal arises, and behind thy words,
 Perceive the gloomy workings of thy soul.—
 I blame thee not, my father is thy foe,
 And Timur is the rival of thy love,

A T R A G E D Y.

45

Both then should perish.—But thou know'st me
not,

I am not made by nature for thy purpose,
I look thro' artful men, and hate deceit,
As I abhor the crimes thou dost suggest.

[Exit Timur.

Z E M O U C A.

Curse on the virtues of this haughty boy,
They level my designs.—I hop'd to rouse
To strife, the hateful family of Zingis,
And from the bosom of the storm to rush,
To seize Ovifa, and the Tartar throne.
But still some means are left.

Enter Z E N A.

Z E N A.

Ill-fated prince,

Why dost thou loiter here,—for Zingis knows
Of thy escape from death. From post to post
He rushes in his rage. (*Flourish.*) Away,—he
comes,—

Retire Zemouca, I will meet thee soon,
Beside the rock, that with its crooked pines,
Sounds to the passing Altay.

Z E M O U C A.

Draw thy sword.

Why should I fly,—Is Zingis more than man?
But yet this headlong fury—this despair—
Suits not the brave;—not he alone must die,
This mighty fabrick he has raised, shall fall,
And whelm his race in ruin.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Z I N G I S attended.

Z I N G I S.

To defend
Our mortal foe Zemouca from our rage,
To favour Aunac's flight, and in this war
To lengthen the misfortunes of the East,
Are crimes beyond our mercy. Haste Sidasco,
[Exit Sidasco,
Pursue the king.—Bold treason is awake,
Let all our guards be doubled,—let our spies
Beset the tent of every prince and chief.
Call Timur hither,—He must be secured.
Ovisa's beauty is the secret source
From whence these deeds of disobedience spring.
The cause must be remov'd. Let her be sent
Without delay, to Octar. Zena, thou
Conduct her hence. To thy command we give
The troops of Timur: lead them to the north.

Z E N A.

The lord of Tartary shall be obeyed.

Enter T I M U R.

Z I N G I S.

Have we not, Timur, with a father's care,
Rear'd thee to manhood? Have we not with pow'r
And princely dignities invested thee?
Have we impos'd restraint upon thy will?
Or enviously withheld thy steps from fame?
Yet thou hast these indulgences return'd
With disobedience, treachery, and treason.
Twice hast thou suffer'd Aunac to escape,

One

Once sav'd our greatest foe,—retarding thus
Our course to glory ;—dost thou think such crimes
Can be forgiven thee?

T I M U R.

Timur does not mean
To justify his conduct, or assign
The rigor of his father, as the cause
Of disobedience to his high commands.
But in my soul, some other passions dwell,
Than those that tend to desolate the world ;
I feel for the distress'd.—How could I see
Ovisā's father slain amidst her tears !
The king, who gave his daughter to my love,
With all his realms——

Z I N G I S.

Dost thou presume to claim
The kingdoms conquer'd by the sword of Zingis ?
Rebellious boy—forebear.—

T I M U R.

Let Octar reign,
I claim not aught but her,—the fair remains
Of the long line that rul'd the eastern world.

Z I N G I S,

Thou shalt not shake thy father's firm resolves—
Know that our mind hath been divested long,
Of all those feeble feelings, that might stop
Our progress to dominion.—On a plan,
Extensive as the object we pursue,
Is form'd our conduct,—which nor perils sway,
Nor those soft passions, that are better nam'd
The frailties, than the virtues of a king.

Zena

Zena, to-night, conduct her hence,—thy route
Lies thro' the camp of Ostar.

T I M U R.

Chief, beware,
There's danger in the service. Touch her not,
Should I complain,—a tempest might arise,
Which would involve in ruin and in death,
The host of Zingis.

Z I N G I S.

Ha! he utters treason,—

Seize him.—

T I M U R.

The man who dares approach me first,
Shall perish in his insolence. This sword,
Which Zingis gave, shall never be resign'd,
To other hands than his.

[Giving his sword to Zingis.

You now may come

And execute the orders of the king.

Z I N G I S, to his guards.

Fortbear,—the race of Ogus, first of men,
Were ne'er disgrac'd with fetters, like their souls,
Their bodies still were free. Take back thy sword,
A soldier's spirit dwells upon his arms.
Know, Timur, tho' thy crimes excite our rage,
We'll sooner take away the life we gave,
Than break the manly vigor of thy soul.
But hope not our forgiveness. Leave this camp,
The desert is before thee. Should the sun
Rise on thee here, with death, and what is worse,
With infamy we punish thy delay.

[Exit Zingis, &c.

T I M U R.

TIMUR, to an attendant.

Tamuzin, hasten to th' Eluthian lines,
Bid Cubla meet me at the water-fall,
Soon as the sun shall hide his splendid orb
Behind the hills.—'Tis done,—the storm is o'er,

[Exit Tamuzin.]

But the high heaving deep unsettled round,
Wears still a face of ruin. Should Ovifa
Consent to share my fate, I scarce could call
My father cruel. See, the princess comes!
She comes! and glads my soul, as when by night,
The weary traveller sees a friendly beam
To light him o'er the desert.

Enter OVISA.

OVISA.

To thy arms
Receive me, Timur,—Why did I offend,
I knew not all thy nobleness of soul.
Forgive the error of a mind oppress'd
With more than common ills;—to thee I owe
My father's life.

TIMUR.

Thy tears more powerful were,
Than the commands of him who rules the East.

OVISA.

Dark in his wrath, thy father pass'd from hence.

TIMUR.

And all his rage is turn'd against his son.
In me Ovifa sees a banish'd man,
This night I quit this camp.

H

OVISA.

O V I S A.

Unhappy prince,
 Involv'd in the misfortunes of our house,
 Thy splendid glories set. It must not be,—
 Timur shall not be ruin'd.—Go, inform
 The tyrant, that his rigor has prevailed :
 I will compleat the purpose of his soul,
 And give my hand to Octar.

T I M U R.

To my brother!
 Was it Ovifa spoke!

O V I S A.

I will restore
 Thee to the love of Zingis,—to that sphere,
 In which thou ought'st to move, and then pursue
 That course my state requires.

T I M U R.

Farewel—

O V I S A.

My lord,
 Thou dost not mean to leave me!—

T I M U R.

The commands
 Of Zingis were, that I should leave this camp,
 Thou know'st how stern he is.

O V I S A.

O turn not thus,
 Thy wild determin'd look upon the ground.
 Timur—

T I M U R.

I must be gone,—the hour is near
 For my departure hence.—With small regret
 I plunge into the horrors which surround
 The fortune of an exile. Since Ovifa—

But

A TRAGEDY.

But I will not upbraid.—A prince disgraced,
Ought not to hope the favor of mankind
Should follow him thro' ruin.— [Going.

O V I S A.

Son of Zingis !

I'll not be left unheard—nay then—I'm urg'd
The sooner to my purpose.—I resolv'd
To place thee high,—to give thee back to fame;
To all thy dignities, and then demand
An end to grief from this.— [Drawing a dagger.

T I M U R, taking it from her.

Ovifa—hold—

Sultana of my soul,—thou must not thus
Withdraw from Timur. Thy auspicious light
Must mildly shine upon me thro' this gloom.
Forgive the jealous transports of a mind
O'erwhelm'd with love. Have I condemn'd unheard
The first of women!—

O V I S A, leaning on Timur.

O I'm sick at heart,

My sorrows, Timur, crowd too much upon me.

T I M U R.

Still there is hope,—some valiant friends remain,
Whose firm affections no misfortunes change,
Devoted to my service.—They shall guard
Ovifa hence.—To-night we urge our flight
Across the desert, to the Caspian shores.
And meet what fate decrees.—My soul delights
To strive with fortune, in her gloomy hour,
To triumph o'er her frowns,—and to my sword
To owe my greatness, rather than derive
From ancestry a title to the world.

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, The Camp of Zingis.

Z E M O U C A alone.

THE sun, descending from the clouded west,
Hides in the billowy Caspian half his orb.
Night comes apace. High Tugra, in a storm
Involves his summits. Thro' the aged trees,
That bend o'er Altay, from its rocky banks,
Howls the unfrequent wind. The murm'ring voice
Of Asia's gathered nations, mounts the sky,
And dignifies with awful pomp, a scene
That pleases well a soul resolv'd like mine,
To push its lofty passions to extremes.

Enter Z E N A.

Z E N A.

My lord Zemouca, give thy soul to joy,
Still there is hope.—The banish'd Timur bids
His friends assemble near Ovisa's tent,
*Tis thought that he will join.

Z E M O U C A.

Does Timur then
Conspire with us? I would he had remain'd
Firm to the Niron cause.

Z E N A.

Thy words surprize—

Z E M O U C A.

So will my deeds. This instant I'll disclose
This plot to Zingis.—

Z E N A.

ZEN A.

Ha! What madness clouds
The reason of Zemouca? Dost thou mean
To ruin all thy friends,—to purchase peace
And infamous forgiveness, with the blood
Of those who would support thee—Draw thee forth
From the misfortunes which obscure thy life?
Go—ruin'd prince—A mind so broke as thine,
Deserves no change of fortune. *[Going.]*

ZEMOUCA.

Chief of Kergis,

Thou must not go——

ZEN A.

Unhand me,—or, by heavens
I may prevent the meaness thou intend'st,
And to preserve thy fame, commit a deed
I should perhaps repent.——

ZEMOUCA.

My gallant friend!

Let me explain myself.—Place not to fear
The sudden resolution of a mind,
Frantic with its misfortunes.—What avails
The fall of Zingis, if his son should reign?
Nay—have Ovifa.—The detested thought
Distracts my soul.—No more—no more of Timur.

ZEN A.

Yet thou didst once approve——

ZEMOUCA.

While there remain'd

A king to fill the vacant throne of Zingis,
I urg'd his son to arms: but the reward
Of his rebellion, should we now succeed,
Is the dominion of the eastern world,
For Aunac is no more.——

ZEN A.

Z E N A.

Our sovereign dead!

Z E M O U C A.

Murder'd by fierce Sidasco, who o'ertook
 His flight across the desert. Aunac scorn'd
 To yield to rebels. With his little troop
 He long sustain'd the fight, till cover'd o'er
 With mortal wounds—he bow'd his hoary head,
 And breath'd his sacred spirit on the winds.

Z E N A.

Perdition seize the traitors.—But let rage
 Give place to great revenge. We must enlarge
 This breach among the Nirons—Urge the prince
 With hopes of empire—Blow into a flame
 Each passion in his bosom, that may tend
 To rid the East of tyranny and Zingis.
 And then——

Z E M O U C A.

Proceed.——

Z E N A.

When the loud storm shall rise,
 And tumult riots thro' the gloom of night.
 While the young paricide, besmear'd with blood,
 Bends o'er his father.—Hast thou not a sword?——

Z E M O U C A.

A trusty one——

Z E N A.

Then plunge it in his breast,
 And thro' the dark confusion of the scene,
 Ascend the throne. The nations, struck with awe,
 Will settle in thy presence, and look up,
 As to a god, to him who dares to seize
 The crown, as due to his superior parts;
 Tho' not transmitted by a line of kings.

Z E M O U C A.

Z E M O U C A.

My zealous friend—In other times than these
 Thy words would much offend.—Distracted—fall'n
 From every hope, ambition, love, revenge,
 May drive me to a deed my soul abhors,
 And stain my name with murder.—Had I been
 By fortune plac'd on less unequal terms,
 I would e'en scorn to be unjust to Zingis.

Enter C U B L A hastily.

C U B L A.

Zemouca—Zena—hence—away, with speed
 Alarm our friends.—The tyrant in his rage,
 Hastens from post to post, and is inform'd
 Of our conspiracy.—

Z E N A.

Then all is lost!

Z E M O U C A.

Let not despair assail your gallant minds,
 One bold resource remains. Prepare your tribes
 To join the fortune of Zemouca's sword.
 Between this rock and Altay's rushing flood,
 On a green narrow plot, conceal'd from view,
 The brave remains of Timur's wasteful sword;
 A few determin'd friends now stand in arms,
 And wait my orders for a daring deed.
 Go—quickly arm—you soon shall hear of me.—

[Exit.

(Enter an OFFICER in haste.)

O F F I C E R.

Ye Tartars princes—He who rules the world,
 Commands your presence.

Z E N A.

Z E N A.

We obey the king. *[Exit Officer,*

C U B L A.

By the long honors of my noble race,
 I will not go—beneath a traitor's name
 To fall by Zingis. I will arm my tribe,
 Avow my hatred—call the tyrant forth,
 And die or conquer in an open war.

Z E N A.

Ha! Would'st thou plunge thyself, thy friends, thy
 hopes,

In certain ruin?—Let us hence with speed
 And face the tyrant.—Zingis will avoid
 To seize on bare suspicion chiefs of power.

C U B L A.

But his suspicion is immediate death;
 Decisively severe, he singles out
 The object of his wrath, and like the flash
 That bursts from heaven, blasts it e're the world
 Perceive the storm is near.

Z E N A.

Should he accuse,
 Thro' his astonish'd guards our swords shall hew
 A bloody passage to his life, and give
 His guilty spirit to the rushing winds.

C U B L A.

It shall be so.— *[Exeunt.*

(Enter MILA from the other side the stage.)

M I L A.

My lord—my husband—Cubla—
 Ha! do'st thou then forbid me to partake

The perils which surround thy noble life.
But he is gone, and left me to my fears.
How awful is this moment—On its wings
Hangs the uncertain fate of all I prize.

Enter O V I S A.

O V I S A.

Where is the son of Zingis?—Whither turn'd
The steps of Timur?—At an hour like this,
Oppress'd by fortune, and o'erwhelm'd by woe,
My soul demands his presence.

M I L A.

Has the queen

Heard of——

O V I S A.

The murder of my father, Mila——

Do I seem unconcern'd? Have not mine eyes
Some tears upon them? Do not sighs extend
At times my bosom? Dwell no signs of woe
Upon my features? Yes—my heart is hard,
Else from my grief, thou ought'st to have perceiv'd
That I had lost a father whom I lov'd. [*Weeps.*]

M I L A.

Alas forbear——

O V I S A.

Disfigur'd, from his throne

The king of Asia fell,—of a long race,
Who sat aloft in Tartary, and rul'd,
Like gods, with justice—Aunac was the last :—
For what am I?—A solitary beam,
Left by that sun behind—to shine a while
A faint memorial of our splendid line,
And then to fade in night.

I

M I L A.

M I L A.

Tho' loth to add
To sorrows great like thine—to wound a soul
That feels too much already, I must tell
Some further cause of grief.

O V I S A.

No—Mila—not
Thou can'st not add to sorrows great like mine,
For sake me—leave me—my disastrous state,
Drives me beyond the reach of further woes.
Alas my father! Pale and cold he lies
On the bare ground, beneath the chilly blast
That howls across the desert!—Will no friend
Direct me—lead me—bear me to the place
Where murder'd Aunac bleeds in all his wounds,
Some faint remains of life may wander still
Along his cheek—may falter on his tongue.
O let me press him in my warm embrace,
Let poor Ovifa close his dying eyes.

M I L A.

Forbear Ovifa—tho' perhaps this hour
Decreases the fall of all I hold most dear.
Such is thy strain of sorrow, that my heart
Melts at thy woes, forgetful of my own—
All may be well again.—

O V I S A.

Yes—Mila, all—
But 'tis beyond the grave. This world presents
But scenes of woe, and horror to my soul.

M I L A.

My brother comes,—how desperate is his state,
I know his purpose—my divided love
Would rend my heart: I must not tarry here. [*Exit*
Enter

Eenter ZEMOUCA.

ZEMOUCA.

Thou fair sultana of the eastern world,
Behold thy slave Zemouca—On his knees
He pays that homage which a subject owes
To the remains of Aunac's royal line.

O V I S A.

Arise thou friend of him who is no more.
The wayward fortune of our royal house,
Has fall'n too heavy on the faithful few,
Who follow'd us thro' ruin. Hapless prince,
The camp of Zingis is no place for thee,
Retire, and save thy life.—The royal cause
With Aunac fell forever.

ZEMOUCA.

That depends

On Aunac's daughter. If that spirit dwells
In that white bosom, and I trust it does,
Which mark'd the genius of thy noble line,
Ovifa, in her beauty, may ascend,
From the misfortunes which obscur'd her race,
And rule the nations on her father's throne.

O V I S A.

No more—Zemouca—Such delusive hopes
Shall not betray me from the paths of grief.
Let me indulge my woes.—A captive here,
What can Ovifa do!

ZEMOUCA.

Not far from hence

My faithful tribe, stands ready to convey
Their beauteous sovereign.—Ere the morning dawns

We shall be far from Zingis. In the West
The tyrant has a foe—Charizmian Mâhmud,
Who, thund'ring round his Caspian, now prepares
For war against the Niron.—

O V I S A.

Prince—no more!

I will not hence.—To move around the world,
To raise the scorn or pity of mankind;
For majesty in ruins, ill becomes
Ovifa's sex and dignity of soul.

Z E M O U C A.

Timur detains thee—Yes—thy father's foes,
His murderers, the base usurper's race,
Alone have influence with the lost Ovifa.
The faithful few—his friends in his distress,
His only friends, amidst a rebel world,
The sole supporters of his falling house,
Must not expect his daughter's grateful hand
To draw them forth from ruin.

O V I S A,

Is it well

Thus to upbraid me in an hour of woe?
I thought thee gen'rous.—Can'st thou wound a heart
That feels too much already.—

Z E M O U C A.

Time is lost.—

We must away—Thy inexperience'd youth—
My loyalty for Aunanc's race—the love
That fires this bosom—shall excuse the deed—
I must determine for thee—bear thee hence—

[Seizing her hand.

Our hope, our cause must not be lost.—This sword

Is thy protection.—Yield not to thy fears ;
 Why dost thou tremble ? Struggle not my love—
 Hence—hence—away——

O V I S A.

Presumptuous man—forbear
 This, to thy queen?—Is this thy boasted love?
 Thy faith to Aunac and his royal line?
 Dost thou not fear me?—hence—unhand me
 straight,
 Or this thy sword— [Seizing his sword.

Enter T I M U R, who draws and rushes forward, Ovifa interposes.

O spare him, daring Timur!
 Unhappy man, he was the friend of Aunac,
 In the misfortunes of our house he falls—
 Despair invades his soul. Tho' great his crime,
 Why should it cancel all? I must forgive,—
 I dare not be ungrateful. Son of Zingis!
 Wilt thou not hear me?

T I M U R.

Not with more regard
 A voice from heaven,—Begone,—had not this
 place [to Zemouca,
 Been sacred like the presence of a god;
 Were not Ovifa here,—thy insolence
 Would meet with its desert. Go, force me not
 To take that life I lately spared in war.

Z E M O U C A.

It shall be so,—a vengeance more compleat
 Becomes the spirit of Zemouca's mind.
 My desperate state demands decisive means
 To end these ills that compass me around. [Exit.

T I M U R.

T I M U R.

Away—vain man,—thy secret schemes avail
 As little, as thy valor in the field.
 Come lovely mourner,—come into my arms,
 O sooth a while thy fluttering soul to peace;
 All is not lost. Tho' fate has been unkind,
 One still remains to shield thee from thy foes.
 Ovifa,—let us hence,—some faithful friends
 Wait on the Altay's bank.

O V I S A.

No—Timur—no,—
 Determin'd to remain,—my soul is fix'd
 On death or great revenge!—Shall he,—shall
 Zingis,—

The murderer of my father,—of my race—
 Weild Aunac's scepter—while Ovifa lives?
 No—should mankind in meanness bow the neck
 To tyranny,—a woman's bolder hand
 Shall free herself,—nay more,—shall free the
 world.—

Thus—thus oppress'd,—the softness of my sex
 Must sink beneath the greatness of my soul.

T I M U R.

What horrid gulph is opening to my view?—
 What should I do?—Here, hurried on to guilt,
 By all my wrongs,—by all the pow'r of love,
 And there withheld by virtue.—

O V I S A.

Turn away
 These dark, disorder'd looks that pierce my soul.
 Reject me,—leave me,—tear me from thy heart,
 I stain thy virtue, ruin all thy fame.—

I turn

I turn thy sword against thy father's life.
Throw the persuasive mischief from thy arms.
Alas! why am I so oppress'd by fate,
That I must urge to crimes I must abhor!—
Ha! we must part,—I am demanded hence,
I know the dreadful course I must pursue,
To calm this tempest that inflames my soul. [*going.*]

T I M U R.

O leave me not,—I will determine straight,—
The thought is dreadful,—must I raise these hands,
These impious hands, against a father's life,
The king of Asia—

O V I S A.

Asia's king is dead,—
And Asia's tyrant triumphs in his fall.—
No son was left by Aunac to revenge
His wrongs,—his blood. The poor, distress'd
Ovifa

Is faint,—is feeble,—has not aught but tears
To sooth the spirits of her murder'd race.
O quickly call me hence, ye friendly shades
Of those that are no more. Receive the last,
And the most wretched of a hapless race.
I come,—farewel—what darkness falls around!
Support me Timur.

T I M U R.

Empress of my soul!
I will support thee.—O'er her shaded brow
Life faintly strays.—Awake, my love, awake;
O leave me not to horror and despair.
She comes,—she breaths,—my soul is fill'd with
joy.

Enter

Enter N A D I R, in terror.

What woud'st thou Nadir?

N A D I R.

Prince thou art betray'd,
A thousand warriors, by the king's command
surround this place,—thy train already seiz'd,
Are led in chains; fierce Zena has possess'd
Each pass from hence.—At such a time of peril,
Can Nadir serve thee with his sword,—his life?
Command them freely.

T I M U R.

Leave me, generous youth,
Why shouldst thou fall,—perhaps I may demand
Thy valor in a more auspicious hour,
But now away. *[Exit Nadir.]*

Retire,—my love,—retire, *[to Ovifa,*
Regain the tent. The tumult of the scene
Suits not the feelings of a soul like thine.
I have some friends among the warlike lines,
That threaten us around. I still may raise
Their virtue in my favor, turn the scale
Of fate, and save the first of womankind.

O V I S A.

Stay, Timur, stay—

T I M U R.

The moment's on the wing
That may preserve us both.—

O V I S A.

I know thy purpose.
Thou plan'st some desperate deed, and wilt retire
From thy misfortunes in the way thou lov'st.

And

A TRAGEDY.

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And wilt thou leave me in the midst of foes,
Depriv'd, perhaps, of means to end my grief?
It must not be,—a soul oppress'd like mine,
Throws off a woman's weakness, and demands
My share of danger—with the man I love.

TIMUR.

It shall be so, sultana of my soul,
I will remain.

Enter Zena, with guards.

ZENA.

Go soldiers,—seize the prince,
It is the will of Zingis.

TIMUR.

Faithless man;
Dost thou presume?—Dost thou not fear this
sword?
Provoke me not.—With blood so base as thine,
It has not been dishonor'd.

ZENA.

Prince, forbear.—

I will not answer unavailing rage:
Now to resist, were folly.—Thousands gird
This place with an impenetrable line:
Resign thy sword.—Suspicious darkly pass
Along the soul of Zingis,—he commands,
That, for this night, his son may be confin'd
Among the warlike Kergis.

O VISA.

Timur, yield—

Alas, they are an army. Let me not
Behold the hope of Asia in his blood.

K

TIMUR.

T I M U R.

My spirit yields not,—but thy tears prevail.
Nadir, advance ; I saw thee in the field
Act well a soldier's part : receive my sword,
It is a present which I scorn to give
To any but a soldier. Chief of Kergis,
Thy honourable service is perform'd,
Conduct me hence.—

Z E N A.

The orders of the king
Extend to fair Ovifa ;—thro' the night,
I must convey her to the camp of Octar ;
So Zingis has commanded.

T I M U R.

He who dares
To touch this goddess, with unhallowed hands,
Shall perish in her presence.—Ha ! my sword,—
'Tis gone,—the moment of revenge is past,
Unhappy Timur cannot die with fame.
And shall she thus be severed from my heart ?
Ovifa !

O V I S A.

Timur,—fate has done its worst,
And we must part,—Lead Omrah, lead me hence.—
Detain me not, [to Timur.] alas, to strive is vain,—
Farewel, my lord,—thou soon shalt hear of me.—
Perhaps thy cruel father will relent,
When he shall hear his rigor laid me low ;
Perhaps he then may listen to thy grief,
And give what was Ovifa, to thy tears.
O place me by my father,—let his hand,

Cold

A TRAGEDY.

67

Cold as it is, support his daughter's head,
Thro' her long slumbers in the peaceful grave.

[Exeunt Zena and guards, with Ovifa.]

TIMUR alone.

Where am I?—whither shall I turn my steps?
I'm here in darkness,—the fair light is gone,
That gilded o'er my melancholy state.—
I must resolve, she shall not thus be torn
From Timur's side.—I'll wake his armies round,
Proclaim my wrongs,—demand their aid aloud,
And save Ovifa, or my life resign. *[Going.]*

Enter CUBLA.

CUBLA.

'Twas nobly spoke, at length thou hast resolv'd.—
This is the time to right thyself,—thy love;—
To gain the scepter wrested from thy hand,—
To save Ovifa.—

TIMUR.

Let us hence, with speed——
She shall be rescued, or this arm shall fail.—

CUBLA.

Stop, son of Zingis,—know, the queen is safe.
The mounted squadrons wait thy last resolves,
Ere they convey her hence.—Brave Zena still
Is Timur's friend,—if Timur will be bold.
He sends thy sword to testify his zeal.
Thou wer't irresolute,—and he perform'd
Thy father's orders,—will obey him still,
Shouldst thou thy tame morality pursue.—

TIMUR.

T I M U R.

It shall be so,—all further thought away.
 Haste, arm the tribes,—let all the gallant chiefs
 Who draw the sword for Timur, straight convene
 Before Ovifa's tent.—The fire that long
 Within this bosom pent, convuls'd my frame
 Shall burst in thunder forth,—and shake the world.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A TRAGEDY.

59

A C T V.

Enter TIMUR.

TIMUR.

TH' appointed time draws near.—The silent
moon,

Now, cold and wan, rolls down the hazy west,
And hastes to hide her half-enlighten'd orb.

At such a dreary, undistinguish'd hour,

The guilty ought to perpetrate such crimes

As ill can bear the splendid eye of day.

Yet I am urg'd with such uncommon force—

By love, by wrongs, by all a father's crimes—

To use the sword—that, partial to my state,

Mankind will pity, where they can't approve.

Enter CUBLA, ZENA, and Conspirators.

Hail, gallant chiefs. Are all the tribes in arms?

CONSPIRATORS.

All under arms.

CUBLA.

We only wait to know

The post assign'd to each.—Thy high commands,

To point the line of action thro' the night.

TIMUR.

Our daring enterprize, my friends, demands

Conduct as well as valor.—On that hill

No feeble foe securely dreams in night.

To wrest the world from Zingis, is a deed

As full of peril as it is of fame.

Cubla,



Z I N G I S.

Cubla, the haughty Nirons, who are form'd
 Before the royal square—and boast the blood
 Of Zingis, must be vanquish'd by the spear.
 To the bold Tomats, who defend the pass
 Along the river—Zena, we oppose
 Thy hardy tribe.—To bold Jessugi's sword
 Assign the stubborn Vigurs on the left.
 To thee, Togai, the noble task we give
 To break the Munguls, marshall'd in the rear.
 Araptan, strike confusion and dismay
 Thro' all the nations that extend their lines
 Towards the mountains.—Timur draws the sword
 Against the chosen Toman *, that aloft
 Look forward from their shields thro' dusky night,
 And guard their sovereign with a wall of steel.

C U B L A,

What is the signal?

T I M U R.

When you thrice shall hear
 The midnight watch resounding from the rock
 Where Zingis stands in arms—on every side
 Exalt the shout of war—assail at once
 Th' embattl'd Nirons.—Thro' the storms we raise;
 Ascend victorious; or by noble deaths
 Avoid dishonour.

A L L.

Victory and Timur! [*Exeunt Conspir.*]

T I M U R.

'Tis done—Amidst his armies Zingis falls,
 But yet, to sit upon the Tartar throne,
 Red with a father's blood, and to derive

* A body of ten thousand men.

A TRAGEDY.

71

My title from rebellion—is a state
My soul approves not.—

Enter O V I S A.

Bright sultana, come,
And, like a sunbeam seen before a storm,
Diffuse a pleasing melancholy light
Along a mind that's shadow'd o'er with woe.

O V I S A.

Alas, Ovifa is the guilty cause
Of all the griefs that shadow o'er thy soul.
'Twas I disgrac'd thee : 'twas the adverse fate
Of the devoted line, that, like a blast,
Pass'd o'er thy blighted honors—laid thee low,
To wither in thy prime. To ruin Timur
Was not enough—I made a parricide
Of him I lov'd.

T I M U R.

Forbear, my soul's delight!
I blame thee not, thou first of womankind!
Fate urg'd me on—a concurrence of events
Decrees his fall—

O V I S A.

The tyrant should have dy'd
But by these hands—the last—the poor remains
Of Aunac's house—his murder'd sovereign's race
Should rid the world of Zingis—should revenge
The treachery, the treasons, and the blood
By which he rose into the Tartar throne.
I have offended—he's thy father, Timur;
Forgive the rage, the madness, the despair
Of one, so broken with uncommon woes. [*Weeps.*]

T I M U R.

T I M U R.

O harraßs not a soul so soft as thine
 With dire vicissitudes of grief and rage.—
 All may be well—becalm thy mind awhile;
 Our time is short—this hour—

O V I S A.

May be the last
 We ere shall meet—I know it, son of Zingis;
 And have resolv'd.—The spirit of our race
 Has not forsaken this distracted breast.
 Should Timur fall—and my foreboding heart
 Still dreads the worst—why should I stay behind?
 To lose again my father, brother, friends;
 All these art thou to desolate Ovisa.

T I M U R.

How shall I sooth to rest thy mournful mind?
 Let heaven dispose of me—

[The first watch sounds.]

That calls me hence—

This one embrace—it shall not be the last.
 Compose thy soul, my love;—O let not grief
 Dissolve thee thus—convulse thy tender frame—
 Again—

[Second sound.]

Be not too rash.—This dreary place—
 The deed a doing, and the gloom of night
 Replete with horrors, may awake despair.
 O think on Timur—think upon his woes.
 Should he behold—

*[Third sound.]*I come—I come—Farewel. *[Exit.]*

O V I S A.

He's gone—for ever vanish'd from my eyes?
 O king—O father—if thy spirit strays

On

On the dark winds that whistle round my head—
 Are these thy passing steps that sound aloft
 Along the rustling branches of that oak?
 Look on Ovifa.—Have I not reveng'd
 Thy murder—thy slain son—thy kingdom lost—
 The ruin'd glories of a line of kings?
 I arm'd his son against thy cruel foe;
 Plung'd into guilt, for thee, the first of men;
 And risk'd a life much dearer than my own.
 Art thou not satisy'd—

Enter M I L A.

M I L A.

Alas, Ovifa, we are left alone.
 The hill is bare of troops.—The waning moon
 Has disappear'd—the melancholy blast
 Of midnight, mixing with the Altay's roar,
 Sounds thro' the lonely tents. The night is dark—
 With horror fill'd—

O V I S A.

It suits my state of mind.
 Mila, the long disasters of our house
 Are drawing to conclusion.—I observ'd
 A brother's present in thy bosom hid—
 Thy queen demands it.—

M I L A.

Ha! what means Ovifa!

O V I S A.

That dagger, Mila—

[Snatching a dagger from Mila's bosom.]

My superior woes,

L

My

T I M U R.

O harra's not a soul so soft as thine
 With dire vicissitudes of grief and rage.—
 All may be well—becalm thy mind awhile;
 Our time is short—this hour—

O V I S A.

May be the last

We ere shall meet—I know it, son of Zingis;
 And have resolv'd.—The spirit of our race
 Has not forsaken this distracted breast.
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 Still dreads the worst—why should I stay behind?
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 O think on Timur—think upon his woes.
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 Along the rustling branches of that oak?
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 The ruin'd glories of a line of kings?
 I arm'd his son against thy cruel foe;
 Plung'd into guilt, for thee, the first of men;
 And risk'd a life much dearer than my own.
 Art thou not satisfy'd—

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 Of midnight, mixing with the Altay's roar,
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 Mila, the long disasters of our house
 Are drawing to conclusion.—I observ'd
 A brother's present in thy bosom hid—
 Thy queen demands it.—

M I L A.

Ha! what means Ovifa!

O V I S A.

That dagger, Mila—

[Snatching a dagger from Mila's bosom.]

My superior woes,

L

My

My rank commands priority in death—

[Noise at a distance.]

The dreadful strife is swelling in the wind—

[Kneeling.]

Thou soul divine, that dost pervade the world,

If from thy awful dwelling in the skies,

Where round thy throne the murm'ring thunder
walks,

The ready minister of thy commands,

Thou look'st thro' the breaches of thy storms,

At times, on earth. O turn thine eyes on Timur:

Ward off the hand of death—

[The noise increases; Ovifa starts up.]

Perhaps his soul

This very instant issued thro' his wounds.

M I L A.

Alas, my queen, what horrors shake thy frame?

What wildness flashes from Ovifa's eyes!

All may be well—forbear—

O V I S A.

I shall be firm—

Firm as the son of Aunac—he who fell

Amidst his ruin'd armies—On that rock

Which bends its mossy forehead o'er the stream,

There stands a tree; it murmurs to the wind.

Shrill in its top, last night, I heard the voice
Of passing Zangon—thou shalt find me there:

Go, bid my slaves, if any yet attend

The desolate Ovifa, to observe

The progress of events—to mark the time

When Timur falls—If Asia's hope must die.

That thro' the dreary horrors of the night,

My soul may join the lord of my desires. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter

SCENE changes to the Royal Pavilion.

Enter ZINGIS, NEVIAN, Officers and Attendants.

Shouts at a Distance.

Z I N G I S.

This is the feeble effort of despair.
Zemouca seeks for death. His haughty soul,
Bereft of hope, awakes this tumult round,
And in a daring action longs to leave
The world it fail'd to rule—

Enter OFFICER in haste,

OFFICER.

Zemouca, Zena,

The Soigarates—the Kergis—all in arms,
Attack the troops upon the Altay's banks,
And rush upon the line—the guards o'erwhelm'd,
From post to post roll back upon the square;
The gallant prince, Caredi, with his tribe,
Stems the rude torrent—but he soon must fall,
Unless supported—This from him to Zingis.

Z I N G I S, to an Officer.

Balin, this instant hasten and repel
This impotent attack—But since mankind
Are slaves to fear, and armies by surprize
Have fall'n before a despicable foe,
We shall not fail in prudence—Sound to arms.

[Trumpet sounds.

O F F I C E R.

We are begirt with foes—On every side
 Bold treason walks thro' night—Confusion, fear,
 Run thro' our lines—I heard the dreadful voice.
 Of Timur thundring thro' the horrid gloom;
 While Cubla from amidst the war replies—
 Half of the tribes are rebels—Up the hill,
 Thro' men and arms, they hew their bloody way
 Towards the royal tents.

Z I N G I S.

Thy fears, young man,
 Have magnify'd the danger.—Let our guards
 Stand to their arms within the royal square.
 The son of Zingis must not be despis'd.
 Timur is brave—he only durst attempt
 A deed so great. Demand his father forth,
 And in the bosom of the midnight cloud
 Contend with him for Asia.

Enter SIDASCO, wounded.

S I D A S C O.

All is lost—
 The line is broke—within the royal square
 Death ravages at large—Our bravest chiefs,
 The firm supporters of the fame of Zingis,
 Are struck with fear, and fly.

Z I N G I S.

Away—'tis time
 For Zingis to appear.

S I D A S C O.

It is too late—

N E V I A N.

The camp of Oötar—

Z I N G I S.

A T R A G E D Y.

77

Z I N G I S.

What of Ostar's camp?

N E V I A N.

Let us retreat——

Z I N G I S.

Presumptuous man—no more—

Foe to my fame—dost thou—shall Asia's lord
Shrink from the face of danger—blood shall swell
The Altay's stream—the East—the world shall
groan

Beneath the shock of armies, ere from war
The backward step of Zingis shall be seen.

[*Exeunt, except Sidasco.*]

Enter TIMUR, CUBLA, and other Conspirators,
with drawn Swords.

T I M U R.

The tent of Zingis!—Spare the hero's life;
The conqueror of Asia must not fall.
Stain not with horrid parricide the fame
We have acquir'd.—Sidasco, in his blood!
On thee the death of Aunac is reveng'd.
Relentless, cruel Omrah.—Where is Zingis?

S I D A S C O.

Fled to the camp of Ostar.

T I M U R.

Thou betray'st

Thy sovereign's fame—my father never fled.
If, in the carnage of this dreadful night,
Some spot is cover'd with uncommon heaps
Of slaughter'd warriors, there the king of Nirons
Lies

Lies pale upon his slain.—Convey him hence.
 We war not with the vanquish'd.—Haste, Togai,
 And with the music of the Tomans bring
 The bright Ovifa: she shall rule the East.

C U B L A.

The troops must have a king—they look aloft
 To him who pull'd the tyrant from his sphere.
 This land of heroes to the sword alone
 Will yield obedience. How can female hands
 Ere wield the scepter Zingis could not hold!

C H I E F S.

Let Timur reign!

C U B L A.

The moment's on the wing,
 Then seize it prince, ere wild diffentions rise.
 Mankind are struck with novelty, and he,
 Who, thro' the rude disorders of the night,
 Has courage to ascend the Tartar throne,
 Will be supported,—Timur king of Tartars!

C H I E F S.

Timur, king of Tartars!

T I M U R.

Since then the public voice—

Enter Z E M O U C A, with his Party, hastily,
 with his sword drawn.

Z E M O U C A.

The man who dares
 To mount this throne, shall perish in his crime.
 The race of Aunac shall the Tartars rule.
 Ovifa only has a right to reign.

T I M U R.

Presumptuous man, who in this thin disguise
Of loyalty, dost hide thy own designs,
Thy insolence forbear,—or else this sword—

Z E M O U C A.

Vain are thy threats,—the base usurping Niron,
Who rais'd himself, as every villain may,
By perfidy, by treason, and by blood,
Is now removed, thou patricide, by thee.—
Nor shall the tyrant's race—

T I M U R.

Audacious, slave!

Thus Timur answers—

[They fight.]

Z E M O U C A.

Niron, at thy heart—

Thus perish all—Ha! still his adverse fate
Pursues Zemouca,—Faithless to my hand,

[Throwing away his sword.]

Hadst thou but done my purpose.—Unreveng'd
I die.—

[Falls.]

The Niron's fortune still prevails.

The world, for which I fought and toil'd so long,
Is now secur'd to Timur.—Bright Ovifa,
She too is his.—The kingdoms of my fathers
Are fall'n for ever. But my soul is free.— *[Dies.]*

C U B L A.

Why totter thus thy weak, unsteady steps?
What paleness, Timur, wanders o'er thy face?
How fares it with the prince?

T I M U R.

Does Zingis live?

C U B L A.

C U B L A.

What means my lord?

T I M U R.

Go grasp his royal knees,
 If yet he wanders thro' his ruin'd lines,—
 He may forgive you. Heaven reveng'd his wrongs
 On his rebellious son.

C U B L A.

He bleeds to death—

T I M U R.

If, midst his hosts, the lord of Asia fell,
 Repair to Oötar,—he alone can hold
 The scepter of his father. Let him not—
 I knew him generous, let not Oötar use
 His pow'r against Ovifa—Let her will
 Be free amidst the horrors of her state.

Enter an OFFICER hastily.

All, all is lost!

C U B L A.

Explain thy fears.

O F F I C E R.

The king—

Zingis, advancing with his Niron guards,
 Broke our victorious troops, and pour'd their flight
 Down the steep hill. A while the valiant Zena
 Flam'd in the front of war, and stop'd the foe
 Till slain by Zingis.—Round the royal square
 Each pass is seiz'd.

C U B L A.

A TRAGEDY.

81

CUBLA, to Timur.

Thy presence may recal
The flying tribes.

TIMUR.

What now remains of life,
Cannot convey me hence.—My adverse fate
Lies heavy on my friends. Retire with speed,
Avoid the lord of Asia in his rage.

[*Exeunt conspirators, except Cubla.*]

CUBLA.

Let them avoid who fear him—Hapless prince;
I did advise thee to this daring deed,
And will support thee to the last extrem.—
This to my fame I owe, and this to thee;
And to a spirit that disdains to yield.

Enter ZINGIS and his Party.

Flourish of Trumpets,

ZINGIS.

Pursue the traitors. Thou rebellious youth,
That durst call forth thy father—shake his throne;
And make him anxious for the world he rul'd.
Ha! dost thou tremble? Art thou only bold
When fortune favors in the gloom of night?
Degenerate boy! We sooner could forgive
Thy crimes than fears.—

TIMUR falling.

My father is reveng'd.—

ZINGIS.

Ha! is it thus.—Has the rude chance of war
Overtaken Timur in a deed like this?

M

Hadst

Hadst thou with fame, with honor cover'd o'er
Thy latter field,—In other wars expir'd,
These tears would flow from a more noble cause,
Than pity for a son.

T I M U R.

Will Zingis grant
My last request.—Yet I have known so long
Th' unalter'd rigor of a father's will,
That Timur has no hopes.—I leave my friends,
Whom their affections list'd in my cause,
Involv'd in ruin.—Spare them—O protect
A poor disastrous mourner in her tears.—
Daughter of Aunac! Let thy pride forgive
The feelings of a heart that's wholly thine.
I'll not solicit.—No,—Ovifa, no.
I will not wound thy dignity of soul,
By a request to foes. Yet Timur now
Can not defend—Ovifa—Oh—farewel. [Dies.

Z I N G I S.

I was to blame.—He ought to rule the East;
For when my spirit should forsake the world,
His milder genius would have reconcil'd
The vanquish'd nations to the house of Zingis..

Enter OVISA, led by TOGAI.

O V I S A.

I am betray'd—Perfidious man! Is this—
Is this the king to whom thou lead'st Ovifa?

Z I N G I S.

Remove the princess.

OVISA.

O V I S A.

Yes.—This scene of death.

Becomes this presence—Was it not enough,

O thou destroyer of Oviā's race!

To slay my brother—In his failing years

To murder Aunac.—Could not nature hold

Thy hand from Timur?—Murderer of thy son!—

Ah! whither wanders my distracted soul?

By me he fell—'Twas my ill-fated love

Brought him to this—made all this ruin here.—

O Timur, Timur! [*Throwing herself on Timur's body.*]

No thou shalt not force

Her lord from poor Ovisa.—I resign

My claim to Asia.—Does thy iron heart

Deny me this—a portion of his grave?

Z I N G I S.

Nevian, convey her hence.—This scene of blood

Disturbs her reason.

[*Ovisa starting up.*]

O V I S A.

Tyrant, do thy worst.—

This world is thine.—There is a place beyond

The limits of thy empire.—It becomes

The last remains of Aunac's royal line.

Thus—thus—to free herself—

[*Stabs herself.*]

Z I N G I S.

Prevent her Nevian.—

N E V I A N.

It is too late——

O V I S A.

O thou for whom alone

I could have borne to live—it was not kind

To leave me lonely thus : My murder'd lord !—
 If still thy spirit hovers in the wind,
 O let me hear thy voice—Awhile delay—
 My soul is fluttering on its parting wings—
 I see thee faintly, Timur !—Ha !—that cloud
 Comes in between—O—leave me not my love.—

[Dies.

Z I N G I S.

Nevean convene our chiefs within the square,
 We have commands to give.—We must restore
 From this rude storm that has pass'd o'er our camp,
 Our intermitted pow'r. Tomorrow war
 Shall roll this scene of sorrow from our mind.—
 And Zingis, like the sun thro' cloudless heaven,
 Shall urge his course to conquest. Chief of Eluths,

[To Cubla,

It was not well to arm our son against us.
 But there's enough of blood.—Go—hence—away.—
 And yet the generous passions of the soul,
 Those homely virtues of a private life,
 Suit not our great designs.—We sit aloft,
 In thunder and in clouds, to awe the world,
 And first must conquer, e're we bless mankind.

T H E E N D.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. GARRICK,

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

I'M sent, good folks, to speak the Epilogue,
But 'tis so dull—I'll cheat the scribbling rogue;
Among ourselves, your loss will be but small,—
You'RE * too polite for Epilogue to call; [** to the Boxes,*
But as for You †,—it is your joy and pride,

[*† to the Gallery.*

Ever to call—but never satisfied.—

Will you, ye Criticks, give up Rome and Greece?

And turn Mahometans, and save this Piece?

What, shall our stage receive this Tartar race,

Each whicker'd hero with a copper face?

I hate the Tartars,—hate their vile religion,—

We have no souls forsooth—that's their decision!

These brutes, some horrid prejudice controuls;

Speak, English husbands—have your wives no souls?

Then for our persons—still more shameful work,

A hundred women wed a single Turk!

Again, ye English husbands, what say you?

A hundred wives! you wou'd not wish for *Two*.

Romans and Greeks for me!—O that dear Sparta!

Their women had a noble Magna Charta!

There a young hero, had he won fair fame,

Might from her husband, ask a lovely dame;

The happy husband of the honour vain,

Gave her with joy, took her with joy again;

The chosen dame, no struggles had within,

For to refuse had been a public sin.—

EPILOGUE.

And to their honour, all historians say,
No Spartan lady, ever sinn'd that way.—

Ye Fair, who have not yet thrown out your bait,
To tangle captives in the marriage state;
Take heed, I warn you, where your snares you set,
O let not Infidels, come near your net.
Let hand in hand with prudence go your wishes,
Men are in general, the strangest fishes!
Do not for misery your beauty barter,
And, O take heed,—you do not catch a Tartar.